

I can no longer hold me patient.
 Heare me you wrangling pirates that fall out,
 I shaking out that which you haue pild from me:
 Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
 If not, that I being *Queene*, you bow like subiects,
 Yet that by you disposd, you quake like rebells:
 O gentile villaine, doe not turne away.

Glo. Foule wrinkled, witch, what makst thou in my sight?

Qu. Ma. But repetition of what thou hast mard,
 That will I make, before I let thee goe:
 A husband and a sonne thou owest vnto me,
 And thou akingdome, all of you alleagence:
 The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,
 And all the pleasure you vsurpe, is mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father layd one thee,
 When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
 And with thy scoine drewst riuers from his eyes,
 And then to drie them, gau'st the duke a clout
 Kept in the blood of pritty *Rutland*:

His curses then from bitteresse of soule,
 Venounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
 And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.

Qu. So iust is God to right the innocent.

Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
 And the most mercilesse that ever was heard of.

Ri. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported,

Dorf. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

Buc Northumberland then present, wept to see it.

Qu. Ma. What? were you snarling all before I came,
 And ready to each each other by the throat,
 And now you turne you now your hatred now one me?

Did *Yorkes* dread curse preuaile so much with heauen,
 That at *Henries* death my louely *Edwards* death,
 And our kingdomes lost my woefull banishment,
 Would all but answer for that peeuissh brat?

Why then pearce the clouds, and enter heauen;
 Why then giue way dull clouds to my quicke curses:
 Why not by warre, by surfet die your King.
 Why not by murder to make him a King.

Edward

Edward my sonne, which now is prince of *Wales*,
 For *Edward* my son, which was a Prince of *Wales*,
 Die in his youth by like vntimely violencees,
 Thy selfe a *Queene*, for me that was a *Queene*,
 Ourliue thy glory, like my wretched selfe:
 Long maist thou liue to waile thy childrens losse,
 And see another, as I see thee now
 Deckt in thy glory, as thou art stald in mine:
 Long die thy happy dayes before thy death,
 And after many lengthened houres of griefe,
 Die neither mother, wife, nor *Englands* *Queene*,
Rivers and *Dorset*, you were standers by,
 And so was thou Lord *Hastings*, when my soone
 Was stabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
 That none of you may liue your naturall age,
 But by some vnlookt accident cut off.

Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag?

Qu. Ma. And leaue out thee? stay dog, for thou shalt heare
 If heauen haue any greuous plague in store,
 Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee:
 O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be ripe,
 And then hurle downe their indignation
 On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
 The worme of conscience still begnaw thy soule,
 Thy friends suspect for traytors whilst thou liuest,
 And take deepe traytors for thy dearest friends,
 No sleepe close vp the deadly eyes of thine,
 Vnlesse it be whilst some tormenting dreame
 Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels,
 Thou eluish mark, abortiue rooting hog,
 Thou that wast seald in thy natiuitie
 The slaue of nature, and the sonne of hell,
 Thou flander of thy mothers heavy womb,
 Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
 Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.

Glo. Margret.

Qu. Ma. Richard.

Glo. Ha.

Qu. Ma. I call the not.

Glo. Then I cry thee mercy: for I had thought